

Vinegar and Mustard:

O R,

Worm-wood-Lectures for every Day in the Week.

Being exercised and delivered in several Parishes both of Town and City, on several dayes.

A dish of tongues here's for a feast,
Sowre lawce for sweet meat is the best.

Taken Verbatim in short writing, by J. W. 



LONDON. Printed for Will. Whitwood, at
the Golden Bell in Duck-Lane. 1673.



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THE BOOK TO THE READER,

The Book to the Reader, or Hearer.

TIS no Tab Lecture which I teach,
But Ile tell what some Women preach,
when pray come near and bear me,
I am black Ink and Paper White,
Although I bark I will not bite,
therefore you need not fear me.



No modest woman I envy,
Because I love them heartily,
and prize them more than gold.
None will exceptions take at me,
But such as think they gauled be,
and that's I'm sure a scold.

Vale.

Vinegar and Mustard:

OR,

A Mess of mandring-broath.

Being Wormwood Lectures for every
Day in the Week.

I. Mondays Lecture.

By a woman that had not been long married, because her Husband put on his best clothes on Monday morning.

O Brave ! What every day Holiday with you ? Pray sir what day do you call this, that your Roast-meat clothes must be put on ? is not this Munday I think you had recreation enough yesterday for all the week. And not to go a Rambling or a Fox-catching on the working daies : but Ifaith, Ifaith, I see your knavery, as cunning and as closely as you carry it, as though Butter would not melt in your mouth. Here you leave me in bed poor Soul never asking me how I do, or what I ail. And when you rise out of the bed, you turn your backside towards me, as though I should kiss that. O unkind and most unnatural man, that doth

Vinegar and Mustard.

hardly know what doth belong unto a woman,
the more is my grief: well I would I had some
body here that I could wish to keep me compa-
ny; but indeed I observed you yesterday in the
Church-yard; how you whispered with your
Jacks and Pot-companions, and then you shook
hands at parting, I there you made the match,
and to day you are to meet, but I shall find out
your haunts, and then I shall ring you such a
peal, that I will make you fly and scatter like
hail-shot from a Gun, well get you gone, and
come home as wife as you went (like a Wood-
cock I had like to say) hey ho, this' is not
the way to thrive.

Her Husband's Answer.

(thrive
Wife thou sayst true, 'tis not the way to
To ly in bed and 'gainst thy husband
Cursing and chiding and to domineer, (strive
'Gainst him maintains you, and does love you
If in good buswifery you would persevere, (dear
You then must rise and do your best indeavour,
In Husbands absence for to have an eye
On servants, that their business do ply:
I'd have you know I will not stand in fear
Of you, or else what cloaths that I shall wear,
On Monday, Tuesday, or on any day:
Or when I please to work, or go to play.
But yet I tell thee true, though thou dost ball,
Know that I am going to the Hall,

Where

Vinegar and Mustard.

Where we this day Master and Wardens chuse,
I being warn'd the same must not refuse,
And where you say that I a Foxing go,
I'd have you know I use not to do so ;
And if that I do chance to meet a friend,
We'll drink a pint of wine and there's an end.
You'll find me out where ere I go, you say ;
But it were better you at home should stay :
Mens busineses abroad do often lye
For to get work, or bargains for to buy :
And wives that do lye lothing in their Beds,
Know not the care is in their husbands heads.
When I do rise, you say, I am unkind,
Because that I do wear my tail behind ;
Sure you would have me backward from you go,
Like the Turks Bashaws, for they must do so,
So fare you well, and on me do not frown,
Left in your wedding-shooes I take you down.

med. 2. Tuesdays Lecture.

Delivered in a Bar-Pulpit, by a right reverend
fat Hostess, to her Husband in a morning
next his heart.

YOU make an Host of an Ale-house ; yes I
faith, thou art more fit for an Hostess for to
ab Horse-heels, than to take upon thee as thou
lost. You forsooth must be taking of money, as
though I were not of age to take the reckoning
by self ; but two hands in a purse makes one

Vinegar and Mustard.

of them prove a thief, I am afraid, but look to it, Jook to it you had best, for you know that the Brewer and the Baker must be paid, and our trading fails, for you see that we have not half so many guests as we were wont to have before our strong Ale was put down, the more is the pity good man Goose. Thou art such an innocent fool, that though thou seest thy guests pot-shaken, and have lost their memories, you forsooth must tell them their just reckoning, without overplus, nay I doubt sometimes too short, which makes us to thrive as we do; by Lady, then you come sneaking in with your shot-pot, or your paper of Tobacco, as though it cost us no money, but if they would have it, let them pay for it with a vengeance: here I must sit up late at night, and rise up early in the morning, when you are sometimes a bed, or else abroad at the Tavern with your drunken companions. For I could hear you the other day make a match with the Brewers Clark to go and drink half a pint of Sick, with a Pox to you and I must sit here in the cold like *Jone* hold my staff, and drink small beer if I will, for the Devil a drop of your Wine would you send me to comfort my poor heart withal: here you live very jolly, and I must take all the pains, and go in a thread bare Coat as I do; but I was well enough served, that might have had such good Matches as I might have had when I was a widow, and to take a Serving-man,

Vinagar and Mustard.

one that had neither house nor home, or trade to live upon : other men they can go into some place or office, but thou lookest after nothing, like an Idle Drone as thou art : well I say nothing : but were I not a patient woman as I am, it would break my heart-string asunder.

The Mans Answer.

I pray thee woman patient be,
and do not grow so hot,
This same cold breakfast you gave me
My pallat pleasereth not.
Your tongue methinks is out of tune,
for it so much doth jar ;
I like a Fellow will not be
arraigned at the Bar :
Horse heels I never use to rub,
your words too sharp do bite,
Indeed a Butler once I was
unto a worthy Knight :
The monies that I sometimes take
I do not waste nor spend,
And though I to the Tavern went,
the Clark he is our friend.
Sometimes to give a Pipe or Pot
by it we nothing lose,
Our guests will sooner come again,
and not the house refuse.
For Brewer and for Baker both,

Vinegar and Mustard.

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Vinegar and Mustard.

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For Brewer and for Baker both,

Vinager and Mustard.

I do take care to pay,
My honest guests I'll not deceive,
what ere you do or say :
When first I did a wooing come,
the same you well do know,
A hundred Pieces of good Gold
I in your lap did throw :
And since by my industry,
with yours it doth increase,
You have small cause for to complain,
then prethee hold thy peace.
I wonder what great pains you take,
you have your Boy and Maid,
And whatsoever you command,
you straightway are obey'd ;
And with your Gossips, when you please,
you to the Tavern go,
But what you do among them spend
I neither ask nor know.
You have good Gowns unto your back,
and Wastcoats are not base,
Kirtles and Scarlet Petticoats
with silk and golden Lace,
Your Beaver-hat, lac'd Handkerchiefs,
and yet you call me Goose.
Unknown to me your Coin you save,
and put it out to use :
A Story now to mind I call,
one that you know full well,

Story

Vinegar and Mustard.

Story the Broaker, which of late
in Turnmill street did dwell:
You did not lend him fifty pound
of which I never knew.
In hope for to have double again?
you know I do speak true:
Both you and others of your Mates,
that did their Husbands cozen,
He got your Coir, beyond Seas a one,
and made fools by the dozen:
But since there were more fools than thee,
you may the lesser care,
And let no more such crafty knaves
with thee my mony share.

3. *Wednesdays Lecture.*

Taught by a Sailors Wife to her Husband in a
morning, who had drunk more then his share
over night, with other good fellows that came
lately from the East-Indies.

I Faith, Ifaith, I thought what would be-
come of yesterdaies work, like a drunken
beast as thou art, when thou wentst abroad with
thy Mates; you are Land-sick now, and not
Sea-sick, with a vengeance to you for me. Come
hold up your block-head, that with this warm
cloath I may tie up all that little wit that you
have, I am sure that your Fore-head akes, doth
it not? Yes I do warrant you. Well, when
you

Vinegar and Mustard.

you have another Wife she will do thus to you, do you think she will not? Come give me some money, that I may make you a Cawdle, and see if that will make you any better, as bad as you are to me, I would fain recover your health once more, and set you upon your leggs that you may stand again, for I am sure last night you could not, you had drunk so hard; and then when you were in bed you lay snoring and snorting like a swine as you are. I poor wretch could take no rest for you all that live long night: a woman hath much comfort of such a Bad-fellow, hath she not think you? I'll warrant you spent a simple deal of money yesterday at the Tavern, when you were with your old Companions: but poor I was never thought upon when you were jovial and merry, like a Company of Drunken sots as you were, and now you are come a shote, you think the World runs on Wheels, and that all the World is Oatmeal: but you'll find it to the contrary I'll warrant you with a wenion.

'Tis true, you have been out this three years on your Voyage, and have taken pains, and got some store of money, but then thou silly beast, art like a good Cow, that gives a pail full of milk, and when thou hast done kickest it down with thy heel upon the ground and spildest it all: but steer on your course, you have yet a fair wind, and a smooth Sea, but if you

mend

Vinegar and Mustard.

mend not your manners and turn over a new leaf, I do intend to do, I know what I know, that which will vex every vein of thy heart, and make thee as mad as the Man in the Moon when he is three daisies old, and there is a bone for you to pick.

His Reply to Her again.

AM I awake, or do I dream, (Stream
From whence procceds this troublous
I think the womans wild :
Is this the kindness you profess ?
Your tongue your heart doth plain express,
I pray thee be more mild.
Oft have I been at Sea and Shere,
But such a tempest ne'r before
I heard in all my life :
Thou art some Spirit or ill thing,
Or else some Syren that doth sing,
surely thou art not my wife.
The Hurricanes thou puttest down,
That blows up trees, and Ships doth drown ;
then pray thee tempest cease :
And if there be such storms on land,
Surely the house it cannot stand,
and therefore hold your peace.
Why should you chafe because that I
Drink with some of my company ,
with whom I was at Sea.

With

Vinegar and Mustard.

With you at home there was no scant,
I'm sure that you did nothing want,
you might do what you please.

What I did spend it was mine own,
And wealth with you I ne'r had none,
your friends had nought to give.

I felt all weathers, cold and warm,
Enduring many a bitter storm,
and sent you means to live.

What though that I were ill at ease
With change of Air, being long at Seas,

I did not hurt at all :

A little drink distempered me,
But I am well again you see,
although you scold and brawl :

What ere you ask almost you have,
I do maintain you fine and brave,
fitting for your degree.

I'm sure you eat and drink the best,
Rise when you please, and go to rest,
yet you'll not quiet be.

And though you think the world to blind,
To me you proved wondrous kind,
when I three years was gone ;
You said you heard that I was dead,
When you set horns upon my head,
you could not lie alone.

You had two children in that space,
And cause I would thee not disgrace
I married thee again,

Becauf

Vinegar and Mustard.

Because that none should call thee whore,
And thou reward'ſt me well therefore,
 paying me for my pain.
But I forgive thee all is past,
So you'll be quiet at the last,
 though toucht unto the quick.
Come kiss me now and do not cry,
We will be friends, although that I
gave thee a bone to pick.

4. *Thursdays Lecture.*

Exercised and expressed by Mistris seeming wise,
in her Chamber to her Husband, sitting in her
chair, but he would not be edified by her.

VErily, verily thou art a very Reprobate,
Idolater, and one that is not worthy to
enter in at the wicket or door, nay not to stir
over the threshold where the Elect doth dwell,
thou art worthy to be chastised and beaten with
many stripes. You (forsooth) will go no
where to be edified, but to your Steeple-houses,
upon your Heathenish daies, there where they
teach nothing almost but the language of the
Beast, the common Strumpet, Harlot, and
Whore of Babylon; away thou unsanctified
wretch, thy blind eies are not opened, but you
will walk still in the dark paths of iniquity and
ignorance; that in the end you shall fall into
the Pit of perdition. And you and the rest of
the

Vinegar and Miffler!

the tribe of the wicked, whin you are at your Unsanctified Tipling Inns; your Ale-houſes, or your Taverns, and are drunken with the dregs of prophaneness, where your noſes are smoaking like the gulph of Sod·m and Gomorrah, the henbane of your Heathen Tobacco. I there, there, I ſay, is the place where you utter and vent forth your despightful reproaches againſt us which are the immaculate vefſels: I profefs, I profefs, and that in ſincerity, that the righteous may have their fallings, and their failing, and may rise again, but for you that are not called, but perſevere in your old Superstitious Polatry, which is but meer popery, you ſay again and again, your learned teachers, as they that built up the walls of Babylon, but you can deride at our ſincere teachers, although they propagate, and are men of sanctity, therefore let us ſay or teach what we will, you are like the adder that stops her ears and will hear nothing at all, therefore you will not edifie, but ſtill run on your prophanē course of life: ſeeing ſo I conclude as I began, thou art a very reprobate.

Her Husband's Answer.

Now I am glad your learned lecture's done,
And have concluded just as you begun,
Being with reverence, as you may ſay,
Unto your Husband, whom you ſhould obey.
Is this the Doctrine which you there do teach,
Where *Ananias* unto you doth preach?

These

Vinegar and Mustard.

These same to you methinks are wondrous kind,
That open'd have your eyes were lately blind,
Surely unto the Papists they are kin,
But I thought Miracles had ceased bin :
They hate a whore, and on high points do ston,
But 'tis none but the whore of Babylon :
They have their goodly gifts of countenance,
True, before folks they will not kiss a wench,
It is the Spirit that doth move them to it,
And therefore he must not refuse to do it.
To fail and fall it is sometimes your lot,
Witness so many Maids with child are got
By zealous people of your ranting crew,
Which being done, this Virgin up you mew,
Because the wicked there of should not know,
You nurst her up , and so away did go ,
And thus doth propagate your pure elect,
The which is too much used by your sect :
Our learned Reverend Divines you hate,
And say, the language of the Beast they prate,
Because your blockish weak capacities
Cannot conceit the secret mysteries,
The which are written in Gods sacred Book,
Which is the cause so many are mistook :
Yet some of you that hardly knows a Letter,
Stick not to say you can expound it better ;
Your learned teachers that do all disjoint,
That knows not how to spell, to read, or point,
Are they not reverend botchers, or someweavers
Some zealous coblers, batmakers or glovers ?

These

Vinegar and Mustard.

These are the Saints that do the Scriptures wrest,
Nay some of them of it do make a jest :
They make a cloak of true religion,
And a false vizard ore their face put on :
Do but unmask them, you shall plainly see,
Their cheating tricks, and base Hypocrisie :
The wicked for to rob they hold no sin ;
And careth not who lose so they do win.
And now I say, (yet spek under the Rose)
Those snotty fellows, that peak in the Nose,
Like to the Papists silly women nice,
For to undo their Husbands in a trice,
As by experience I have found of late ;
You amongst them have impoverisht my estate ;
And therefore now I mean to mold you new,
Huswife I'll make you leave your ranting crew.

5. *Fridays Lecture.*

Delivered Dialogues-wile between bold *Bettina*
and *Welsh Guinlin*, two Fish wives, in New-
gate Market, upon a Market day, where they
had more of audience, and great attention.

Bett. **A**way, away thou impudent Welch
Rut thou, thou comest from a For-
raign Nation, I do not know where, beyond
Pennemur, a corner side the Mountains, thou
measfie'd Biwd thou, do'st thou think to fore-
stall me in the market place, that was bred and
born

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born in the Parish, and you come to eat the Bread out of my mouth, with a pox to you.

Guin. Marry hang you with a Devils name, the pold *Bettys*, was stand here in spight of her belly and her prace face, was give her fine languages was her not? Was call her *Welch Runt*, and *Apple-faced Pawd*, and the Devil and his tam, like a shade as her are.

Bet. Dost thou call me shade thou whore thou? I would thou shouldest well know, that I was never such a jade as to tire as thou didst, thou common *Huck'ny* thou? for when thou and a fellow was a doing I know what, thou diest cry, *Dig on, dig on*, which is enoug' enough in your pokey welch language and then the fellow told thee, he had almost dig'd his heart out, that was the trick of a jade to tire.

Guin. Now her was take her self by the noses faul law, was call her self to remembrances, how her was lie with a fellow in a dark night wpon a Cobles stall, and when the fellows Breches were down; and he got up thou was ask, whether he was ride a gallops or a trots? and then the Cobler as he was at work by candles light was hear her, and he was thrust up his Aul into her blid cheeks, & with a Pox to her) and when you was prickt, her was give such a kick upward, that her was threw the fellow out of the faddies all along in the dirt, and was no, that the trick of a baie shade, thi. k her law.

Vinegar and Mustard.

Bet. Away, away, thou toads head and garlick thou; dost thou call thy self to remembrance since thou lay in the Cage by Smithfield Pond with two bastards, thou cage-bird thou, did you not sing sweetly there? and do you remember how thou layst with a Fisher-man for a quarden of Mackarel, and when you came back agen how you paid the Water-man with a pox that carried you, thou bobtail'd Whore thou.

Guin. Thou was a base whores bird to call her catch bird; was pray tell her how long it is ago since her did sing paty the poor women in Newgate, when her should have been hanged for picking a pocket; besides her do not remember when her was in black and blew white rose waistcoat, and red Spanish petticoat, with half a dozen of lashes at her tail, and her new stockings and her new shooes, which her was never pay the shoomaker for unless it were with a Pox; and as prove as her was her had never a penny in her purse, when her was fine, her was go sell Oranges and Lemons, and did her not lie with the Spavel Portugal for half a hundred of Oranges and Lemons at Pillingsgate and so was put her in the stocks when her was poor.

Bet. Thou scum of a Kitchin-stuff pot thou, that when thou cum'st out of Wales hadst not a tatter to thy tail, and didst penance all the way to London bare foot, thou jade thou, and then didst set up in gathering Rags and Matibones, thou

Vinegar and Mustard.

shou base dunghill whore thou, and as thou
didst rake thou didst find a silver spoon, and
that did put thee in a stock to trade at Billings-
gate; for I am sure thou werst a beggery whore
and full of Lice till then, but now you can keep
company and spend pot for pot, and be jovial
with your companions, as the best of us thou
letter fac'd whore thou.

Guin. Pox on you old callo-fac'd wifh, she her
has collar now for her knavery; and was paint
her ill favour face, I think, with white shake
and red prick, to make her look beautiful, and
was make her rogues and her rascals to follow
after her like a bold hore as she is.

Bet. I faith now your *Welch* plood is up you
will say any thing, but hark *Guintlin*, let me
speak a word in your ear, I will not hurt you.

Guin. I but will her not bite her, nor scratch
her with her tooths?

Bet. No I faith, but are we not a couple of
fools to fall out, and spoil our Reputation, lo-
sing our Market, and our fish is ready to stink,
and the people laugh at us; hark the Market-
bell rings, and we must away: meet me at the
Fox, and there we'l drink our selves friends.

Guin. Here was both her hands, her was meet
her at the Fox, get a good fire, and call for half a
tozen, come Customers and buy all before her
go; new fresh Herin, quick a lie, quick a lie,
fifteen a groat, was come, was come, *Bettriv.*

Vinegar and Mustard.

6. S turdaies Lecture.

Exercised by a Millars Wife in her Husbands water-mill, instead of a Barn, where her tongue went faster and louder than the Mill-clapper.

Marty a Miller, marry a thick, but it is too late to repent now, the more is my grief : What all alone ? that's a wonder that you have none of your trollops with you. You forsooth could not stay at home last night, but you must go to the Mill to work in great haft ; you had your stones to pick with a vengeance, but I do wonder who helpt you to pick them ? Not they that should I me sure, and besides, you could not stay lest you should want water to grind with, but you did grind in your own water mill : I find the old Proverb true, *That much water runs by the Mill that the Millers Wife never knows on.* O sirrah, who but you amongst the Maids when my back is turn'd ! I know your tricks of old since I was a Maid, I can see what pickle they are in after they have been with you ; how all their petticoats are whited with meal : I those are the Lasses that shall have their Corn ground toll free ; I know you are as free to them of your flesh, as you are of your fish, for you can give this wench a dish of trotters for restority, and that wench a dish of gits to scour her maw, whilst I poor soul sit at home with a dish of

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pouts, and they to requite your kindness, one
brings a plumb Cake, another brings a Goose,
and thus when you feast together, you are as
full as so many thrives in a Mill, but ifeith, ifeith,
I will wash your water, and I shall take you nap-
ping, which if I do, I will ring you such a peal,
that all the bells in the steeple shall not out jan-
gle me.

The Millers Answer.

Why how now Dame what is the cause
That you so wide do ope your jawes,
What did some fury you affright ?
Or did you not sleep well last night ?
If it be so, then prethee tell,
I'll take some course to make thee well ;
Doth Jealousie your pate possels
'Gainst him that never did transgress ?
And honest Maidens doth miscall,
Who never did you hurt at all :
What if a dish of Fish I give
Unto a friend, w^t y should you grieve ?
Thou know^t I must work night and day,
The water will not for me stay.
I'm sure ther's none can say by me,
That e'er I ground their Corn toll free.
But those that have gone once a stray,
Think others will go the same way.
The Baker he his Daughter sought
I' th Oven, where himself was caught :
Thou know^t I had thy Maiden-head,
Before that ever we were wed.

But

Vinegar and Mustard

But for the time I made amends,
Be quiet wife and we'll be friends.

7. *Sundays' Letter.*

Exercised by Mistress VVhimsey a Citizen, a fantastick wife to her Husband and family in morning, and at noon.

Come I see I must rise as ill as I am, for I heard the first peal sing; you are a kind Husband indeed, you could be all night, and never turn to me, or once say, *Sweet heart how dost thou*: but I'le think on your kindness when you would (I know what.) Why *Mal, mal*, I say, take my cloaths out of the press and air them to take away the cold damp, that it strike not into my body; but let them alone, and reach my silk Grot-grom Gown and my Damicalter, for I fear it will rain: come let me see what market your master made last night; what is here for dinner? a piece of Beef, a Leg of Mutton, and a Loin of Veal, Veal, but I doubt it is Ew Mutton: *Mal*, you know by the chink, do you not? And I do fear the Veal is old, and of an Oxe-calf; but I pray let them be ready against we come from Church: come tie my shooes, and do not rumple my Rosets. Come Husband, put on your Cloak handfomely; fie how like a sloven you wear it? Come Boy, have you my Book, that you may wait upon us: *Mal*, keep *Beauty* in a doors, for the paltry Cur wakened me last Sunday of a good nap. Fie upon

Vinegar and Mustard.

upon it, I thought this man would never have done, he was so tedious in his Sermon. Hufwifc is the Cloath laid and dinner ready ? For I see my stomach come to me, but a little will serve my turn : Boy make clean my knife, and fetch me my half pint of Centry : come sw. e. heart and sit down while the meat is hot, for fear I lose my stomack : Husband, pray cut me the Popes Eye out of the Leg of Mutton, I'll try if I can eat a bit of it. Let it alone, I'll cut it my self. Fie upon it, this filthy quean hath over boiled the Mutton, com. Gossip, bring away the Veal, that I may see how you have cookt that ; I thought so, you have drid this for your masters diet, 'tis as brown as a berry, but I shd have it as white as a napkin : but like Cauer like Cook ; I think you stole this Veal, for it is the Kidney ? Here man, will you eat a piece or ther you, what do you refuse it ? the next I pro, this y u shall not refuse it. Boy, who drew SICK, William do you say ? go change it, stay I will make shift with it, come set it down by me. Husband cut me a bope there, I'll see if I can pick it : who is that a poor woman ? Mal, give her some portage, but stay, is she so hasty ? cannot she tarry till we have dined ? Come give thanks, for I am not well after my dinner for I could not sleep the last night, and huswife lay the breast of Myton and the Pullet to the fire betimes, for I do not love to sup late.

Hec

Vinegar and Mustard.

Her Husband's Answer.

D Id ever man on earth lead such a life
As I do with this Creature call'd a wife?
What Planet rai'd at thy nativity?
It surely was fantastick Mercury:
Or in your Horoscope the Moon did range,
For thou like her art ever in the change.
Let me do what I can to please thy mind,
You will be sure that still some fault you'll find,
Abroad, at home, a bed, and eke a board,
Thou no good language to me canst afford,
You do not work I'm sure, but yet at ease,
No feed I buy that can your pallat please,
Nor with you any servant long can stay,
You monthly change, or else they run away:
This is the custome as'the life you lead,
To make me sor to wish that I were dead:
I wish all Bachelors to have a care
How they do marry, lest like me they fare;
Yet that man's happy bath a virtuous wife,
If not, he better were be r'd of life.
So now she is asleep, this is her diet;
Let her alone, for now the house is quiet.

The Conclusion.

A Bachelor was weary of a single life, (wife;
Walking with a married man, did w sh he had a
O would I had but such a wife as thine is,
Who Tall is, Small is, Neat is, Feat is,

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FINIS.

